The Cerrillos Rustler.

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CERRILLOS - - - NEW MEXICO.

AT THE CROSS KEYS.

An Interesting Story of the Revolutionary War Times.

Innkeeper Van Buren, aproned to the chin, leaned against the framework of the open door, and lazily launched a ring of tobacco smoke on the balmy air of the September evening. Good wife Van Buren reclined against the opposite side of the door, glad to get a mouthful of the cool breeze, for the day had been sultry. Jacobus passed to and fro, between the bar and the trees, with tankards of frothy brown ale; taking good heed not to tread on the toes of his master and mistress; pot-boy's positions were not going a-begging in Flatbush town in the year of grace seventeen hundred and eighty-one.

The inn-keeper was in the act of shaping another ring, when a loud burst of laughter from the trees caused him to turn his head so suddenly that the smoke was ejected in a shapeless cloud.

"The Cross Keys," said he, "has never known livelier company."

"That fat pirate," replied the wife, "would make a Quaker laugh!"

"Ay, it's a merry rascal, and right welcome to all the liquor it can gulp. But remember, my dear, it is the dumb host that draws the most ale. Let the congress and the king fight out their own battles."

"Folk say," remarked his helpmeet, "Howe has written to King George that we Long Islanders are ready to take the oath of allegiance. I ain't ready to take such an oath, Joris."

"Bah! you're not a Long Islander; you're a woman. As for me, I am too old to fight on either side, so I'll live in peace, with my customer for my king."

"This English major certainly do bring us plenty of business, Joris."

"Oh, Shelton knows on which side his toast is buttered; he quarters the American prisoners in this neighborhood, and boards at the Cross Keys himself free of charge."

"And you allow him per cent. on the prisoners' ale, don't you, Joris?"

"Mrs. Van Buren," replied her lord, curtly, "that's a state secret!"

In the modern warfare of "civilized" nations the parole, as it existed in the time of our revolution, finds scant recognition; it has gone out with the slow match and the boarding pike. It was customary then for large numbers of prisoners of war to be given the freedom of a certain district, their word of honor being accepted that they would not attempt to rejoin their friends until given permission to do so by the terms of a mutual "exchange." Generally these prisoners were attended by a single officer; and in the pregnant period of the revolution the life of a prisoner of war (with the certain shameful exceptions blotting the pages of Britain's history) was by no means devoid of pleasurable incident.

Much has been written regarding the whaleboat privateersmen of those days, and, perhaps, considerably more to their disparagement than circumstances justify. They were but the natural offspring of unnatural conditions. Of these rangers none achieved a wider reputation than Capt. Marriner. An old record tells us "he was a man of eccentric character, witty and ingenious, and abounding in anecdotes." A careful perusal of such of his remarkable adventures as are preserved in the chronicles of his time enables us to form a good idea of his personality. He was as short as a Dutch skipper; so fat that the ransacking of stolen clothes chests formed no part of his piratical amusements, and his face might be likened to a copper-colored moon in a state of general volcanic eruption. The hollow tone of his voice led to the pleasantry that "the captain had swallowed a northeaster and was peddling it out in cupfuls."

It was indeed a jovial party that sat at the long table beneath the maple trees.

"Silence, gentlemen!" cried one. "Capt. Marriner, for a song."

A score of tankards beat a tattoo on the board as the captain arose and bowed, first to the major (who sat, moodily, a few paces from the head of the table), then to his audience. Taking the average and speaking relatively, Capt. Marriner was not "half seas over," although certain premonitory winks conferred upon his opposites as he rose "to oblige" were given with a vim that ill consorted with perfect sobriety. In a voice husky with porter or emotion he announced "The Yankee Sword," and proceeded to sing the following, to the air of an old sea song:

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Yankee sword!
In Heaven it was made;
It flashes bright in Freedom's light;
Hurrah for the patriot blade!
The tyrant from his castle sees
Its glimmering afar,
And toddles about,
And toddles about,
And toddles about with shaking knees;
For the Yankee sword—hurrah!

"I forbid you to finish that tuneless dogg'rel!" exclaimed Maj. Shelton, with as much dignity as though he were King George himself.

"Egad, sir!" replied the captain, "the beauty of my song is that each verse is complete in itself—"

"I will have no more of the treasonable stuff!"

"Shame!" cried a dozen voices.

"Perhaps," laughed the captain, "our British jailer would prefer the ballad of 'The Cock-a-Hoop and the Caged Eagle?'"

Shelton's eyes blazed with anger at this mock allusion to their relative positions; walking quickly to the back of the captain, he dealt him such a blow in the face that the sea dog was knocked into his neighbor's lap.

With loud cries of "villain!" and "coward!" a dozen men sprang to avenge this unsoldierlike act. But Marriner was not the man to require assistance in such matters.

"Pray return to your seats, gentlemen," he said; then, in a tone of mock reproof, he added: "What! attack with your hands a poor fellow who has nought but sword and pistols wherewith to defend himself! For shame, boys!"

Turning to Shelton, who stood with his hand on the hilt of his saber, he said, in an undertone: "For a prisoner of war to lay finger on his guard is, as you well know, to incur the penalty of death; besides, you are armed and I am not; but I shall repay you before many days!"

"I shall not avoid you—when you are entitled to wear a sword!" retorted the major, contemptuously; then, as the company broke up, in disorder, he stepped into the inn, to pen a line to the British general, asking for a few troops "to prevent a certain unscrupulous rebel, one Marriner, from breaking his parole."

The captain, however, had no such intention. Lazily lolling over the now deserted table, he lit his pipe, and appeared to be lost in peaceful musings. But he was never so wide-awake as when he appeared abstracted. A foxy glance or two at the hostlery showed a state of bustle therein; presently, upon the blind of the tap-room, he saw the shadow of the major and the innkeeper in earnest conversation. Soon the shadows disappeared, and Shelton sauntered out for his evening walk. As soon as the wood screened him from view, the captain rapped sharply with his mug, which brought Mrs. Van Buren to the table.

"The old man has gone to the English lines," said Marriner.

"Lord's mercy, captain, and what makes you think so?"

"The horse has hoofs, and we are to lew'rd. I don't want to know his business; what I desire to ask you is—are you a daughter of liberty?"

"Why, really, captain, the master hasn't decided"—

"But you have," interrupted the captain, "and you wish the English were at the bottom of the sea! You saw that brig try to shoot away my topm'st?"

"It were a dirty trick, sir, if it's the blow you mean."

The captain tore a leaf from his pocketbook and wrote a few lines upon it.

"Mrs. Van Buren," he said, "can you ride a horse?"

"Indeed, few better, sir; my own horse, Black Ned, in the stable there"—

"Gen. Putnam is in Brooklyn; this slip of paper must be put into his hands to-night!"

"Lord's mercy!" cried the hostess. "And are we going to have another battle?"

"I will read it:—

"'My Dear General—Can you have me exchanged, and at once? MARRINER.'"

The captain bestowed a significant glance upon the lady, who took the bit of paper and thrust it in her bosom. Then, running into the house, she returned with a pint of the captain's particular porter, which he swallowed gratefully, bade her good night and set out for the cottage at which he was lodged. On his return, instead of retiring, as he should have done under the circumstances, Maj. Shelton repaired to the bar, reclined on one of the settees, and to the infinite annoyance of his hostess commenced to discuss what he was pleased to term "the pitiful folly of these provinces in hearkening to such sordid wretches as Henry, Jefferson, Washington and Paine."

The rumbling of distant thunder now added to the worthy lady's disgust. This delay would oblige her to take the shorter bridle path through the woods, and she had a pardonable dislike to the proximity of tall pine trees in a thunder storm. So communicative was the major that the anxious woman feared lest he should conclude to sit up for her husband's return; but a tremendous thunder crash right over the inn seemed to bring him to a sense of the proprieties, for he leaped to his feet, looked at the brass timepiece on the mantel (which was on the stroke of midnight) and hurried upstairs.

Without the loss of a moment the woman assumed her good man's corduroy coat and, taking a lantern to the stable, aroused and saddled Black Ned. The rain was falling in torrents as she rose to the saddle and cautiously directed the horse across the turf to the opening in the woods. Then, tying the reins to the saddle, she "shone" the lantern over the animal's head and urged him to a gentle canter in the direction of Brooklyn.

The sun was up when Van Buren (who had prudently passed the night in the British camp) returned to the Cross Keys, accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the British general. On leading the horses to the stable he was intensely surprised to find Black Ned stretched upon the straw, his appearance indicating that he had been ridden in the storm. Upon asking his wife (who was already hustling about her work) for an explanation of this phenomenon, the good lady folded her arms and replied:

"Mr. Van Buren, that's a state secret!"

The officer was discussing a broiled steak when Shelton entered the bar. On the table lay an official note, the contents of which gave the major a little surprise. It ran as follows:

"We have acceded to the terms of a proposed exchange of prisoners, just at hand, and you will at once release from custody Jeremiah Marriner. CLINTON, commanding."

Ere the captain quitted the precincts of Flatbush he contrived to deliver his thanks to his fair messenger.

"It was a terrible ride," she said, "but I had a companion coming back. And now tell me, captain, why you are so anxious to leave us."

"Ah, madam," whispered the privateer, "your porter is excellent, but so is my song of 'The Yankee Sword'—and I've sworn to make the major sing it!"

One dark night, shortly after the events described, as the buxom landlady of the Cross Keys was industriously biting the edge of a suspicious sixpence preparatory to placing it with the rest of her honest day's "takings," she was startled by a gentle rap at the door.

"Who's there?" she asked.

"The thirsty crew of the pirate ship Falcon, hailing from New Brunswick," replied a guttural voice.

"Why, if it ain't Capt. Marriner!" exclaimed the hostess, flinging open the door.

"Hush, my lass!" grunted the captain. "Old man in his bunk?"

"Yes."

"Him, too?"

"Yes."

"Chairs and tables under the trees?"

"Oh, yes."

"Here, boys, each of you fill a mug and go out there to the table. No noise, mind!"

The men did as directed and Capt. Marriner, after a few whispered words with Mrs. Van Buren (which seemed to afford the lady immense pleasure) picked up a lantern and went upstairs. When, after the lapse of a few minutes, he reappeared, he was accompanied by a tall gentleman, clad only in his night robe, who carried a boot in one hand and a wig in the other.

"This way, major," said the captain, pushing him out doors.

"Maj. Shelton on the table for a song!" came in unison from the trees, which were now illuminated by the rays of a rising moon.

"Now, my dear captain—ha! ha! ha! Good! Very good!" said the shivering soldier. "But I don't sing at all, you know; really I don't!"

"I'm afraid," whispered the captain, "these men are desperate dogs, so you'd better mount the table without more ado, and give them 'The Yankee Sword.'"

Here the major's eyes fell on Mrs. Van Buren, who had all she could do to control her risibilities.

"Mount the table—like this! I cannot—I will not do such a thing!"

Click! went the locks of a dozen pistols, and a dozen voices shouted, as before: "Maj. Shelton on the table for a song!"

"Splendid shots, those fellows," whispered the captain.

"Oh, this is dreadful! And such a barbarous high wind, too! Supposing I run up stairs and get my small clothes," whined the victim. "I'm afraid you haven't forgiven me for"—

"Oh, they'll excuse your appearance; up with you!" and up the major scrambled, frightened out of his wits, almost, amid the roars of the privateersmen.

"But I don't know the song," he snivelled.

"You shall sing it after me, line for line," replied Marriner, "and don't you back water at the last line, which is three cheers for General Washington, or there'll be plenty of crows in this neighborhood to-morrow!"

Quaking in every limb the major, his knees bent and his fingers convulsively clutching the hem of his scanty robe, sang the six verses of the song in the manner directed, and he certainly gave the three cheers with a vim, whatever may have been his thoughts.

"And now," said the captain, when the applause had ceased, "one of you run upstairs and get his breeches and the mate to this boot and we'll be off."

The poor major looked at his persecutor in horror at this remark.

"You see," volunteered that worthy, "we're afraid the boys would quiz you too much if we left you here, so we're just going to run you over to New York—a prisoner of war!"

That was how Capt. Marriner repaid a blow.—Thomas Frost, in N. Y. Herald.

A Boy Began It.

Years ago a well-known engineer offered ten dollars to the boy who would get a kite string of sufficient strength to haul a clothesline across the river. This offer brought a regiment of kite flyers into the field, and finally a boy named Homan Walsh was successful and received the prize.

From this small beginning the greatest suspension bridge on earth has resulted.—Detroit Free Press.

—Modern Chivalry.—Maude (excitedly)—"Did you hear the news? Tom Barry and Jack Dashing are going to fight a duel about you." Amanda—"Isn't it delightful! Tell me the particulars." Maude—"Each one accused the other of being in love with you."—Puck.

A REMARKABLE RODENT.

The Widespread Destruction Caused By Its Periodic Migrations.

The lemming is a very remarkable rodent which inhabits northern Europe, and on some occasions makes itself unpleasantly conspicuous.

At uncertain intervals, such as ten or fifteen years, the lemmings suddenly swarm literally in millions, and begin to march southward. Devouring everything eatable, they press straight onward, allowing nothing but a perpendicular wall to stop them. Even fire has but little effect upon them, the leading lemmings being forced into it by those behind until the fire is quenched by their numbers, and the dead bodies of the slain serve as bridges over which their comrades pass.

Not only do they eat all the herbage, but the people say that cattle refuse to feed on spots on which the lemmings have trod. Sometimes they come to a river and enter it with the same stolid indifference which characterize all their proceedings. As long as the water is quite smooth, they can swim fairly and will succeed in crossing. But the least ripple is said to be fatal to them.

Predaceous beasts, such as wolves, foxes, wildcats and stoats, accompany them and feed luxuriously on them. So do predaceous birds, eagles, hawks and owls; and even the larger fish are their enemies, snapping them up as they are endeavoring to cross the rivers.

Fear is utterly unknown to them, probably by reason of their want of intellect, and although they will not go out of their way to attack any one, they entirely decline to make way for even man himself.

They move in two vast columns, one passing through Norway and the other through Sweden. The end of them is always the same, and supposing that they have escaped the beasts, birds and fishes, and have surmounted the perils of fire and water, they are forced into the sea and perish there. Those which take the route through Norway are forced into the Skager-rack and Kattegat, while those who pass through Sweden lose their lives in the gulf of Bothnia and the Baltic. Then the country is freed from them and the inhabitants may be tolerably sure that at least ten years must elapse before the lemmings can increase sufficiently to make up for the terrible losses which their migration has cost them.

There is one little set-off against the damage which is done by the lemmings. They are very good to eat, and lemmings cooked like quail and served on toast is considered to be quite a dainty. They are very small to do so much damage, being scarcely six inches in length. —Interior.

APARTMENT HOUSES IN PARIS.

Large as to Size, But Poorly Arranged and Ventilated.

We self-satisfied Americans boast of our great buildings and think nothing approaches them, or any other feature of our modern development. Yet the first thing that impresses an American in Paris is apt to be the great size of the buildings in the residence portions of the city. The people live in flats, to be sure, and these great tall half blocks and whole blocks faced with yellow stucco harbor the population of villages, but how tiny our New York dwellings are beside them! How small most of our apartment houses appear by contrast! In the great honeycomb in which I tenanted one cell I got an idea of how this mode of living is ordered. I entered the building by a carriageway that led into a great court. There was a side entrance to the court, which for some reason was in use after eight o'clock at night. On either side of either portal were stairs leading up to the upper stories—the ground floor being taken up with stores opening on two streets. Exactly opposite the main entrance was the office or headquarters of the concierge, commanding a view of the court and both entrances. I saw an old woman there always, and she made my acquaintance for the purpose of asking me to call out the name of the family with whom I had taken lodgings whenever I came in after nightfall. I wish now that I had once failed to shout my landlord's name, in order that I might know what would have happened in that event. I saw few finer-looking or larger establishments than this, and yet I will not say that it was typical. Speaking for it and no other, I will simply say that grand as its exterior was, and clean and tidy as it looked from the street and from the court, it was none the less a perfect trap for sewer gas and a mine of untidiness. The condition of the closets on every floor was execrable. I can never be brought to believe that I should have escaped typhus fever if I had not kept my windows wide open all the time I was in-doors. The stairs were rude, narrow, uncarpeted, dark, and dirty, and the odors of neglect and carelessness weighted the atmosphere in the public parts of the house. Let those who have been in other Latin countries say whether this is a general condition in them. I have been in Cuba and in France only, and every breath I drew in-doors in Paris reminded me of my tour through Cuba. It was the same in the hotels as in the houses in both countries.—Harper's Weekly.

A Robust Angel.

Miss Smith—How do you like your husband?

Mrs. Newhusband—O, he is an angel if ever there was one; yesterday morning he ate four eggs that I boiled for his breakfast.—Texas Siftings.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—All fresh meat should be put to boil in hot water, but for soup in cold.

—Butter in small quantities may be made by stirring the cream in a bowl; and this is done every day by some good housekeepers, who prefer butter made of sweet cream, and are willing to perform this extra labor that they may have it fresh daily.

—Berry Pudding.—Three pints blueberries, five cups flour, one pint molasses, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon cinnamon. Boil in a buttered mold or pail three hours. Half of this receipt is enough for a small family.—Boston Budget.

—A cure for bunions is said to be the pouring of as hot water as the patient can bear, from as great a height as possible, upon the apex of the swelling. The greater the elevation of the kettle from which the water is poured the more effectual the remedy.

—For fruit sherbet crush a quart of fresh fruit to a paste, add the juice of a lemon and two pints of water, as preferred. Let the mixture stand for an hour, then strain to remove seeds; add granulated sugar to taste, and stir until dissolved. Pour over cracked ice in tumblers, and drink when quite cold.—N. Y. World.

—Grape Catsup.—The juice of twelve pounds of grapes; boil well and skim. Sugar, eight pounds; vinegar, one quart (pure cider); black pepper, one tablespoonful; cayenne pepper, one tablespoonful; mustard, one ten-cent box; cinnamon (pulverized), two ounces; cloves (pulverized), one ounce; salt, one teaspoonful. Boil thoroughly; bottle and seal.—Demorest's Monthly.

—If you want to send milk off in bottles, with a basket of dinner or a traveler's lunch or for the baby's tea, first put into the bottle if, one pint, two tablespoonsfuls of lime water, or if a quart, four tablespoonfuls. It will keep sweet, even in hot summer weather; and if you will wrap the bottle in a wet cloth and then in a dry one, it will keep cool into the bargain.

—Sconse.—Take cooked, or uncooked scraps of meat. Cut into very small pieces and put into a stew pan with the bones (chopped), pepper and salt, a good quantity of onion, double the quantity of raw potatoes and cold water to cover. Simmer gently for about three hours. Remove the bones, and serve the sconse very hot. A profitable way of using up cold meat.—Detroit Free Press.

—Water Souchy.—Plaice, flounders, or any fresh water fish are good for a souchy. Boil the fish; stand aside the best looking and boil down one or two to pieces in the liquor, of which there should be about two quarts; boil in it also a bouquet of parsley. Pulp the fish which is boiled down, and chop the parsley fine. Return them to the liquor, heat the fish in it, and serve it in a deep dish accompanied by thin slices of brown bread and butter.—Boston Herald.

—A delicious way of serving ice cream is to fill watermelons with that delicious dainty. The fruit must be cut in halves, and the seeds taken out before the iced cream is put in, and a piece of the pulp should accompany each helping of cream. Another novel idea is to cut a ripe pineapple into neat little round slices, on each of which is placed a spoonful of iced cream. This cannot be conveniently eaten without a dessert knife, but is a delightful combination in very hot weather.—Boston Budget.

REARING CHILDREN.

Firmness the Grand Essential in Their Management.

Hood says of his "Irish Schoolmaster" that he "spoiled the rod and never spared the child." Of the two, perhaps it is better to spoil the rod than the child, but it is not necessary to spoil either.

Firmness is the grand essential in the management of children. Nothing unreasonable should be required of them, but that which is reasonably required should be rigidly exacted. The rules laid down for their government should not be harsh or severe, but they should be like the laws of the Medes and Persians—absolutely imperative. No "coaxing ways" of the cunning little creatures for whose good they are framed should ever induce a parent to violate them, or to waver in their enforcement. No promise made to a child should ever be broken or evaded.

Boys and girls know how to observe, and are more prone to imitate the weaknesses and vices of their teachers than to emulate their virtues. If you break faith with them they will fib to you, justifying themselves to their little consciences by your example. They will tell you as much if you push them hard. Never, therefore, attempt to terrify them by threats which you do not intend to execute, or to stimulate them by promises of reward which you have no thought of fulfilling.

A doting, over-indulgent mother is the most cruel enemy a child can have. The insane kindness of such mothers has ruined thousands of sons and daughters who, under proper management, would have been a comfort and a credit to their parents. Compromises may sometimes be expedient in politics—although that is doubtful, if any wholesome principle is waived or sacrificed; but in family government they are always unwise. All this, it may be said, is so true that it is trite; yet, in view of the lawlessness of the children of this generation, it cannot be too often reiterated.—N. Y. Ledger.